

Virginia's Object Lesson

By HILDA RICHMOND

(Copyright.)

"It isn't that Herbert is a bad boy," Mrs. Castle was saying, with a worried look on her motherly face, "or that Virginia is disobedient. They are simply too silly for anything. 'Mushy,' the boys call them, and the word fits very well. Instead of having a good time with the crowd as they always did, they prefer to sit around by themselves at parties, and Virginia is getting so dreamy that you have to speak to her three times before she realizes she is on earth."

"Oh, well," said her sister, consolingly, "all girls have those spells. I remember how Bob Lane and I used to think our folks cruel and unsympathetic because they ruthlessly spoiled our cherished plans by sending us away to school. Virginia will get over her foolishness in good time and be able to laugh at herself. Don't take it to heart."

"It's all very well for you to take that view, for your girls are too small to give you any trouble yet; but just wait a few years. Virginia's health and lessons suffer while she is moping around, and I really have to force her to eat when she and Herbert have had a little tiff. I wish they would fall out and scratch each other's faces as they did years ago. Then maybe this nonsense would come to an end."

The memory of the childish fights these two young people used to indulge in caused Mrs. Randolph to laugh outright. "Imagine Virginia, with two long scratches down her nose, howling at the top of her voice," she said; but her sister refused to see the funny side.

"I'd rather have her howl than sit around with that woe-begone look on

all. Was it possible that this was the beautiful bride of seven years ago? The long train, exquisite veil and white flowers with which Cousin Editha had always been invested in Virginia's memory faded away before this tired, thin woman and her little family.

"And this is Virginia?" said Cousin Editha, as soon as the boys had been packed in the surrey and the baby on Mrs. Castle's lap. "You're quite a young lady, Virginia, and a pretty one, too. No, Carlos mustn't whip the horse! Jack, stop pulling at the lines! Those children were clean when we started, but only for a few minutes. I suppose I'll have to take the baby. She's cutting teeth and fearfully cross. Yes, mamma is well as usual, but she always seems tired. She helps me a little with the children and—Jack! I have spoken to you for the last time! If you touch those lines again I'll spank you as soon as we get to auntie's."

Virginia sat silent during the short ride. Cousin Editha's husband had walked with Rob, leaving the surrey for the ladies and children, so Mrs. Race had the whole care of the lively infants. Mrs. Castle sat with her in the back seat, and Virginia had the two boys with her in front, so there was little chance for her joining in the conversation if she had wished to.

Her cousin's sharp, tired voice grated unpleasantly on her ears as she remembered the soft, low tones that had responded so musically to the momentous questions the day she had been the flower girl.

"Edie hasn't been very well lately, but I think the rest will do her good," Mr. Race was saying to Mrs. Randolph when they drove up to the porch. "I've got to hurry back to the city to attend to some business, but I'm glad to leave the babies in such good hands."

Virginia escaped to her room to examine the extent of the damage two pairs of dusty shoes had done to her dainty white dress, but her mother soon called her down to wheel the baby while Cousin Editha rests a few minutes. The few minutes proved to be two hours, for the tired mother really was not well, and the long car ride had made her worse than usual. She came down to dinner in a white wrapper that made her paler than ever, so Virginia devoted herself to the noisy boys till bedtime.

"A picnic for me? It's very nice of you, dear, but I couldn't go," said Cousin Editha, when Virginia spoke of the plan she and her mother had made. "I couldn't be away a minute away from baby, and taking her along is out of the question. You go and have a good time, Virginia, and don't worry about me. If I can wear a pair of slippers and an old wrapper, that is all I care for these days. When the children grow up I'll go to picnics again, but I'm afraid, not before."

"But we want to do something pleasant for you," said Virginia. "How about a party? That wouldn't be taking you far from the baby?"

"Edie always says parties begin too late for her," laughed Mr. Race. "She has acquired the habit of going to bed at eight every evening."

"It always shocks Virginia to have you say 'Edie,' but I tell her we haven't time for long names," said Mrs. Race. "If she had three children crying at once she would soon learn to save time every way she could. Yes, I do go to bed at eight when I'm at home, for I'm always tired out. You'll find out what good times you're having now, my child, when they are all past. I feel old enough to be a grandmother sometimes, and I'm only 24."

"That's true," said Mr. Race, with a little laugh. "Whenever I see Virginia and Herbert reading Tennyson together I think of how I used to sit by the hammock and recite 'Lucie' by the hour to you, Editha. I'll try to remember the old name for Virginia's benefit. I don't believe I could call to mind three lines now to save my life."

Virginia slipped away from the young couple sitting in the midst of playthings, little garments and crumbs, for a good hard think in her own room. Cousin Editha's visit came to an end before the lively children were every one out, and when at last they went home Virginia gave an impromptu little party to celebrate the event.

The young people who had shunned the Castles since the house had to be perfectly quiet after seven o'clock every evening, came trooping back, and once more the big house rang with laughter and fun. Virginia was the gayest of the gay, and once when Herbert pressed her hand under cover of the portiere she only laughed joyously and said, "Don't be a goose, Bert."

JUDGE HAD A VISION.

Saw Himself Enjoying Apple Pie for at Least Sixty Days.

The routine of the criminal court proceedings had been marked by only one unusual incident, and that was the character with which a certain hard character was sentenced for 60 days to the workhouse.

"Judge," observed the district attorney at the close of the dreary session, "you seemed to relish the privilege of sending that man to the workhouse. Did his case impress you?"

"Now, look here," whispered the judge as he beckoned the attorney aside, "that man is a worthless fellow. Always drunk and never contributing a cent to the support of his wife, who is a most deserving woman. I feel sorry for her, and whenever he is in prison she comes to our home and assists my wife in the kitchen."

"And," chuckled the judge, as he tapped the attorney's shoulder cheerfully, "she does know how to bake apple pie."



LAYING A TILE DRAIN.

How the Work Can Be Done the Most Satisfactorily.

Secure a tile scoop and narrow-pointed spade, and if you are cutting wild grass turf, keep a file near to occasionally touch up the edge. Watch for inequalities in surface as you proceed. Cut no wider than will accommodate your feet, then carefully grade bottom of the first course as it is much easier to take out the inequalities now in the bottom of the ditch. This advice, when I began, would have been worth \$50 to me, says a writer in Farm and Home. The second course need not be so wide, if for laterals, and you need not cut the sides, but thrust your spade in, cutting lightly on one side and deeper on the other; then contrariwise push forward to break loose, then lift out. Keep your scoop lying near you, and when you have gone far enough so you can reach back, scoop out the crumbs before they become slushy.

Be very precise with the spade in the last course. If you strike soft soil don't even allow a half-inch variation. Then when the crumbs are removed the floor is almost ready to lay a perfect drain. True up bottom with scoop. Take a two-inch piece, reinforced at one end, and nail or bolt a foot piece on this to hold the tile. Tuck them into the trough and you'll have done one thing that will be a joy forevermore.

In meeting obstructions, if they do not throw you out of line too much, cut back under the bank six or eight feet on each side and you can get around nicely without removing them. A manure fork is very convenient for drawing in sods in filling, but on large jobs a plow with a long whiffletree, or a road grader, can be used.

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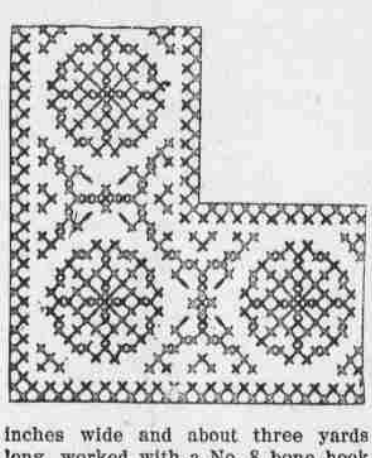


FOR MOTOR SCARF

ACCESSORY MAY BE WORKED IN ANY WOOL.

Individual Requirements Readily Adapted If Directions Are Followed—Proper Way to Fashion and Shape Fringe.

This scarf may be worked in any wool, also any width and length preferred. These directions, which may be readily adapted to individual requirements, are for a scarf about 16



inches wide and about three yards long, worked with a No. 8 bone hook

TO KEEP SUPPLY OF STOCKS.

No Problem at All for Those Skillful with the Needle.

With the tailored waists and skirts which now are fashionable comes a demand for all kinds of stocks. Their attractiveness depends so much on their freshness that a generous supply is needed. If one is handy with the needle a great many of these pretty trifles may be made for little expense.

One chic stock is made of linen. The collar is made of double material and there are two shaped pieces of single linen embroidered. These pieces are the width of the collar in back and taper to the front, where they are an inch wide. They lap in the front and button. One piece is set in the end of the collar, between the two pieces of linen. The other piece is finished neatly and is fastened to the top and bottom of the other end of the collar. This leaves a long opening like a large buttonhole. The first end passes through this. The tab end is made of two shaped strips of linen, single pieces, and is joined by embroidery. This tab end is separate and slips between the collar and the buttoned ends.

Any simple design may be embroidered on the ends of the tab on one side, and the other end on the opposite side, so that when lapped over the embroidery on both ends of the tab will be right side out.

Lovely stocks can be made from pieces of a man's worn-out white vest.

Hot Water, Perhaps. For hoarseness, beat up the white of an egg, flavor with lemon and sugar, and take something occasionally.—Somerville Journal.

From Paris comes the fashion of ribbon threaded throughout the hair, ending sometimes in an airy bow at the left side, suggestive of Madam Le Brun's paintings.

PROPER DRESSING A DUTY.

Sage Advice to Young Girls Given by Successful Actress.

A very successful actress recently gave this advice to girls who make their own living:

"Go without butter for your bread if necessary, but have becoming clothes!"

Dressing is not only an art, but a duty! The woman who succeeds on the stage does so almost as much through her clothes as through her voice and her acting. Clothes are a highly important consideration for every woman who would succeed, and yet that each woman should dress in her own way, with her own requirements in mind.

Usually up-to-date-ness should be the watchword in the selection of a woman's wardrobe, for it is only once in a great while that there will be found one of the fair sex so fashioned as to be able—and possibly obliged—to cling to a particular style of costume, just as one woman in a million possesses a certain design of costume

and in white ivory wool, about seven ounces of which would be required. Work a chain of 16 inches, turn.

Row 1: A double crochet in each stitch, turn, no chain, but pull the loop on the hook up a little.

Row 2: Pass the hook through the two front threads of the last made double crochet, that is the thread that curves round and the nearest—or front—top one, draw the wool through both and finish the stitch like double crochet. Pass the hook through the two front threads of the next stitch and repeat to end of row; turn, no chain, and work six more rows like row 2. This completes a close stripe.

Row 3: A double crochet in the last made stitch of the previous row, one chain, pass over one stitch, a double crochet in the next—the front thread only to be used throughout the open stripes—one chain, and repeat from * to end of row, turn with one chain.

Work five more rows like the last, but working a double crochet on each chain stitch, and a chain stitch over each double crochet, always commencing and ending the rows with a double crochet.

Repeat from row one and work alternate close and open stripes, ending with a close one, of which there should be eighteen.

For the fringe, cut the wool into 24-inch lengths. Pass the hook under both threads of the end stitch of the last row, fold four strands of the wool exactly in half and draw them a short distance through, forming a small loop, draw the eight strands right through this loop and pull gently, drawing the knot close up to the work. Repeat this into every other stitch along the end of the scarf, taking care that all the knots are turned the same way.

To knot the fringe, take four threads of the first tassel and four of the next one, and tie them together about an inch below the other knots, tie the remaining strands of the second tassel to four of the third one, and repeat to end of row, being careful to keep the knots quite level.

The another row of knots an inch below these, but this time taking the eight strands of each tassel and tying them together. Fringe the other end of the scarf in the same way, and cut the ends level with a pair of sharp scissors.

Along each side of the scarf work a double crochet into the end stitch of the first row, a treble into the end stitch of the next row but one, five chain back into first (pivot), another treble in the same stitch as the same stitch as the last, repeat from * four times, a double crochet in the next stitch but one and repeat.

COVERING FOR FERN POT.

Illustration Gives Good Idea of Useful Ornamentation.

A good suggestion for the covering of a small fern pot is illustrated in the accompanying sketch. It is made of white cardboard. A good plan to determine the size required for the pot is to cut it out roughly in paper and fit it round the pot. The paper can then be laid on the cardboard,



and the shape marked out by running a pencil around the edge of the paper. Some pretty floral designs may be painted on the sides, and the upper edges bound with ribbon or colored paper. In the sketch it is shown square in shape, but with a little additional labor it may be constructed on the same lines in an octagonal design. The fern-pot should be set in a small saucer or lid of a china pot, so that the draining from the mold may not spoil the cardboard.

WHICH SHE WISELY RETAINS IN SPITE OF FASHION'S DICTATES.

"The safest plan for the greatest number is to keep in touch with the times. Don't be a slave to dress—but don't be a dowdy—be yourself."

Demand for Soft Silks.

How far away we are from the old, stiff silks that cracked and tore up almost before they were made up!

The woman of to-day demands that silks be soft, pliable and cling to the figure so as to accentuate its lines.

She will not at a moment consider the use of stiff, unwieldy fabrics.

This has resulted in the manufacture of exquisite chiffon taffetas that drape as softly as crepe. Of these latter there is an abundance to choose from this fall, as well as the supple, brilliant liberties, which are being daily more used for the wonderful creations of the Paris modiste.

Tussor, the softest of silk or silk and wool, is almost always shown in solid color, but sometimes appearing in Pekin effects, with graduated stripes, which offer splendid opportunity for novel combinations of color.

AN ADVERTISING TRICK FOR WESTERN FARMERS.

Real Estate "Agents" Go After Men with Land for Sale and Reap Rich Harvest.

A smooth scheme for separating farmers from their money has been worked with much success in South Dakota. An oily grafter calls on a farmer and makes a bid for his land. The figures are absurdly low at first, but by degrees are raised as high as \$50 an acre, and the farmer consents. Then the visitor explains that he is only an agent, but that he can sell the land at the price named if the owner will agree to pay for advertising at the rate of fifty cents an acre. The "agent" promises orally that the advertising money will not be payable until the land is sold, but this stipulation is not contained in a contract that the farmer signs.

In a few days he receives a copy of an ad and not over-courteous demand for money. It is said that twenty-two agriculturists were caught with this bait in Brown County and that one of them gave up \$320. Others declare hotly that they will not pay but they will make a fight in the courts.

The Ruling Passion.

Mammy Liza has lived with the "family" long enough to acquire words and expressions, which, used at second hand, are sometimes fatal to the family gravity. Recently a member of the little circle had occasion to call for the horse and surrey from the livery stable. After waiting a long while the order was repeated, with no immediate result. Mammy, having heard the conversation, and knowing the impatience of her mistress, expressed herself thus:

"Huh! Dey's jes' no use countin' on dem livery stable folks, dey's so dilittante."

CUTICURA CURED FOUR

Southern Woman Suffered with Itching, Burning Rash—Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of better or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrist. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I went back to my old stand-by, that and never failed me—one set of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby whose head was a cake of sores, and another baby who was in the same fix. Mrs. Lillie Wilcher, 770 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1907."

Try It on the Piano.

There was a young chap in Des Moines Who ordered a T bone airplane. Said the waiter: "Not so, Sir, unless you can show A sufficient amount of des colonies."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Do good constantly, patiently and wisely, and you will never have cause to say that life was not worth living.

Many Old People Suffer from Bronchial Affections particularly at this time of year. Brown's Bronchial Troches give immediate relief.

Show us a man who lives the simple life and we'll show you a cynic.

Don't worry about your complexion—take Garfield Tea, the Herb laxative and blood-purifier. An improvement will be seen in a week.

By doing duty we learn to do it.—E. B. Pusey.

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HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

Refuse Substitutes.

160 FARMS Western Canada FREE. Acre Western Canada.

What a Settler Can Secure in WESTERN CANADA.

160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bunches Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 80 Bunches Oats to the Acre. 35 to 50 Bunches Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Building FREE. Good Laws with Low Taxation. Splendid Railroad Facilities and Low Rates. Schools and Churches Convenient. Satisfactory Markets for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Chances for Profitable Investments.

Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most beautiful and prosperous sections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteaders.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Law Book West," particulars as to routes, routes, time to go and where to locate, apply to

J. S. CRAWFORD, 125 W. Ninth St., Kansas City, Mo. C. J. BROUGHTON, Room 430 Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the price—other starches only 13 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

To Farmers Everywhere

Why Work Yourselves to Death Trying to Make a Living.

Go to Southwest Texas Where the Land is Fertile and Grows Enormously Profitable Crops With Little Labor.

Read This Carefully.

Dr. C. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas: My Dear Sir—I was down on your Atascosa County ranch, and spent four days in looking it over. It is a great tract of land; the finest large body of land I was ever on. In the four days I spent on it I am sure I did not see forty acres that could not be cultivated.

The soil is dark and chocolate sandy loam, and some black, waxy with a little sand, but no blow sand. I took soil from different pastures, and found the land all underlaid with a good clay foundation.

In my opinion, this land, with proper cultivation, will produce everything that can be grown from Maine to California. I never saw a more fertile body of land anywhere.

Such land as this, if located in Oklahoma, would sell for \$50 an acre. The entire tract is within the arable belt. The water from these wells that I saw and drank, was good for all purposes.

I carried one of your "New Home Sweet Home" books with me and compared the views shown by you in it with what I saw, and found everything just as represented. I have read your description of this property, and you have not overdrawn it in any way. No one can realize what a splendid opportunity this is to get a good home for a very little money in the finest climate and on the richest land in the world, until he sees it.

I will be very glad to answer any one who wants to know what I know about your land. With best wishes, I remain, Yours very truly, J. S. LIGHTFOOT.

Dr. C. F. Simmons has divided his ranch and is selling from 10 to 640 acres and 2 town lots for \$210.00 payable \$10.00 a month without interest. Write today for booklet and set of views of the ranch and name of nearest agent.

DR. C. F. SIMMONS, 215 Alamo Plaza, San Antonio, Texas.